



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

REMINISCENCES.

By the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR, K.C.M.G.

VL.—BRUCE IN NORTH AFRICA.

NO traveller is more dear to the Scottish geographer than James Bruce of Kinnaird. It was owing to a perusal of his travels in 1848 that I was induced to go to Egypt; there I met Outram, as I have already narrated; so that it is hardly too much to say that Bruce laid the foundation of whatever fortune has followed me during my political career. When, therefore, I found myself his successor in office at Algiers, my interest in him was redoubled. He had occupied the post of Consul-General there from 1762 to 1765, and there he made the studies and preparations necessary to fit him for his great journey in Abyssinia. Before proceeding to Algiers, however, he had spent a year in Italy; from Naples he visited the ruins of Pæstum, then but little known, and at the suggestion of Sir James Gray, the British Minister, made accurate drawings of those ruins, and conceived the idea of illustrating the history of that city, which, however, he never carried out.

After resigning his consulate he travelled all over Algeria, Tunisia, and the Cyrenaica, where he made a magnificent series of archaeological drawings. In a letter dated 2d April 1766 to his friend Mr Wood, author of the great work on Baalbec and Palmyra (the ruins of which Bruce also visited and delineated), he thus sums up the result of his labours previous to his visit to the Cyrenaica:

It is now time to mention how I have been employed, and whether my expectations have been answered by the antiquities I have found on my journey. The principal are these: eight triumphal arches of the Corinthian order, mostly of different plans and designs, and little ruined; seven Corinthian temples in great preservation, all highly ornamented and of the very best ages, whose plans, parts, and decorations I have, by very laborious searches and excavations, made myself entirely master of. Add to these one large temple of the Composite order in its best

age, one part of which is so perfectly preserved that it must be looked upon as an exceptional example of the manner in which the ancients disposed and proportioned the constituent parts of that order; two large aqueducts, the smallest of which exceeds by forty-two feet in perpendicular height the remains of the highest aqueduct in Rome. In my designs are also included the ruins of the three principal cities of Africa—Iol or Cesarea (the capital of Juba), Cirta, and Carthage—the last of which I hope will be found to make a better figure than it does in the accounts of some travellers. . . . The drawings are sixteen inches by twelve; which, taking the length and breadth, are the largest ever published. I have not left in the parts I have visited one stone undesigned whence any benefit could result to the arts.

In the *Proceedings of the Society of Architects* for 1862, I found that Her Majesty the Queen had exhibited two volumes of his drawings, which he had presented to George III.; but these seem now to have disappeared. I searched all the royal and national collections in vain; no one seemed to know anything about them. In the library at Windsor Castle I found his drawings of Pæstum, Baalbec, and Palmyra. There was no inscription to indicate the names of the monuments or that of the artist. The librarian, Mr Holmes, had no idea what they were till I identified them. At last I applied to Lady Thurlow, the descendant of the traveller and heiress of Kinnaird. I was delighted to find that she had great stores of his drawings and manuscripts, which she was so good as to place at my disposal for publication, if I thought the subject sufficiently interesting. These comprised, in addition to a great mass of drawings irrelevant to my present subject, more than a hundred sheets, completely illustrating all the principal subjects of archaeological interest in North Africa from Algiers to the Pentapolis. Bruce had often exhibited these during his lifetime, and had alluded to his intention of publishing a work on the antiquities of Africa; but he appears never to have commenced the letter-

press necessary to illustrate the drawings. Probably the manner in which his book of travels had been received induced him to abandon the subject in disgust. He was of a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the incredulity with which some of his stories were received, especially the popularity of the famous skit on them, *Baron Munchausen*, 'Dedicated, with great respect, to James Bruce of Kinncald, Esquire,' caused him the greatest annoyance. His accuracy now requires no vindication. I knew intimately in my youth two of the celebrated brothers D'Abbadie, who had travelled during many years in Abyssinia; they assured me that *Bruce's Travels* were marvels of intelligence and exactitude.

I was perfectly familiar with some of the monuments in Algeria delineated by Bruce; other drawings were invaluable records of structures which no longer existed; but those situated in the Regency of Tunis I could not identify at all, and I doubt if any European then living had ever seen them. I determined, therefore, to follow him in his wanderings and ascertain the actual condition of those remarkable ruins, which neither time nor barbarians had been able to destroy. I was accompanied by the late Earl of Kingston, an experienced photographer, who succeeded admirably in depicting the ruins which Bruce had figured more than a century before. The result of my observations was contained in a large quarto volume, published in 1877, *Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce in Algeria and Tunis, illustrated by Fac-similes of his Original Drawings*. It is almost useless to refer the reader to this volume; it met an untimely fate, worse than the famous Rawlinson manuscripts, which were eventually redeemed from a grocer's shop, *tuus et odores vendentibus*. This bantling of mine was, after a certain number of copies had been sold, destroyed by the fire at Kegan Paul's premises in London.

Travelling in Tunis was a very different thing then to what it has become since the French occupation. During the whole of our journey, which lasted six weeks, we never met a single Christian till we arrived at Beja on our way back. A telegraphic station, with a Frenchman in charge, had been established there by the Bey, and on entering the office to despatch a telegram, the clerk rushed out and almost embraced us for joy at seeing a European face once more. I can only afford space for a very slight sketch of our journey, or rather that part of it which lay to the south of Tunis. It was made on horseback, with a tent of our own, and an escort furnished by the Bey. The first important place we stopped at was El-Djem, the ancient Thysdrus, where the pro-consul Gordian was proclaimed emperor in A.D. 238. Here are the ruins of a splendid amphitheatre, of such size and solidity that the Berbers and Arabs, at various periods of their history, had converted it into a fortress. It has frequently been besieged, to the great

destruction of the fabric. This edifice offers the same divisions as the principal edifices of a similar kind elsewhere: three outside open galleries, rising one above another, crowned by a fourth story with windows. But at El-Djem the architect seems to have tried to surpass the magnificence of existing structures. I have not space, however, to enter into architectural details. Fully one-third of the perimeter has been destroyed. Bruce made a very exact ground-plan of the building, and nine rough sketches. Thence we proceeded to the Holy City of Kerouan. Now the traveller can go to it by railway from Susa; and it is the only place in Tunisia where he can enter freely into the most sacred buildings. We could not reach Kerouan in one day, so we determined to encamp at a small village fifteen miles from it. No sooner was our intention announced to the Arabs than yells and shrieks of remonstrance resounded from every direction. They swore by the life of the Prophet that there was not a grain of barley remaining in the country; fowls and eggs had become quite a tradition; and they were really not sure whether they could offer us a handful of dry couscousson. We were about to protest that nothing was farther from our intention than to inconvenience them, and that we were quite ready to pay for anything they might supply to us; but our escort calmly told us to stand aside and not to interfere. The Bey's letter of recommendation was produced, a good many expletives were exchanged, and as soon as our hosts were assured that further remonstrance was useless, barley and grass were brought for the horses and an abundant dinner provided for the men. We very soon got on excellent terms; and when I subsequently asked them why they had created such a disturbance, they replied that such was the way of the Arabs; they would rather have our room than our company; but as we chose to stay, we were very welcome. We determined, however, to provide our own dinner. A judicious combination of preserved meat and vegetables, to make a solid soup, was put on the fire to boil; but when the supreme moment arrived, to our horror we discovered that it had apparently been cooked in a strong solution of Epsom salts! In fact, the water of this place was so bitter as to be unpotable for a stranger.

Eventually we reached Kerouan, about forty-two miles distant from El-Djem. Next to Mecca and Medina, no city is so sacred in the eyes of western Mohammedans. It was founded by Okba ibn Nafa, in the fiftieth year of the Hedjra (A.D. 670). Until recently it was entirely sealed against all who did not profess the faith of El-Islam; but even in my time it was only by a special order of the Bey that a Christian could be admitted within its walls. A Jew did not dare even to approach it. We were most kindly received in the house of the Governor; he was

absent in the Djerid, but his brothers did the honours of the house with the utmost courtesy and hospitality. They sent an escort to accompany us through the town; but even their presence did not protect us from scowls and even abuse from children wherever we went. We could not look into the door of the mosques, which are now objects of the greatest delight and interest to the tourist. I leave a description of them to the ordinary guide-book; none such existed at that time.

We were not sorry to leave Kerouan and to regain our liberty; for, though we greatly enjoyed the society of our hosts, it was impossible not to feel ill at ease in so sacred an atmosphere. Our first stage (12th April 1876) was to Djebel Trozza, where is a remarkable fissure in the limestone rock, called by the Arabs El-Hammam, or the bath, filled with hot vapour, to which the rheumatic people round about flock for the cure of their maladies. We were most hospitably entertained by the Khalifa of the district, who supplied all our wants with lavish hospitality. His treatment of us was what we experienced at almost every stage of our journey; so that I need not revert to the subject. What words shall I use to express our delight at the huge bowls of warm milk which awaited us even before we got out of the saddle? Barley and grass were provided for our horses, and a further supply in bags for our next day's journey. A sheep roasted whole, couscousson, butter, eggs, and honey, an abundance of dates, excellent fresh bread, and, above all, a continuous and boundless supply of milk, formed a feast which even Hatim Tai might have set before his guests.

We passed but did not stop at Djelma, and pushed on for Sbeitla. This is merely a corruption of the ancient name Sufetula. No city in Africa possessed finer specimens of architecture; and even as late as the Arab invasion it continued to be one of the most considerable cities in Byzacene. Here took place the last great encounter between the Byzantines and the Arab invaders, who started from Egypt in 647, and swept over the Syrtic desert and north to the province of Africa of which Gregorius was at that time Exarch. The Moslem army was commanded by Abdulla bin Saad, brother of the Khalifa. On their arrival at Sufetula a message was sent to Gregorius, offering him the usual conditions: to embrace Islamism or to accept the payment of tribute, both of which he indignantly refused. His daughter, a maiden of incomparable beauty, fought by her father's side, and her hand, with one hundred thousand dinars, was promised to whosoever should slay Abdulla. The latter retaliated by offering the daughter of Gregorius to any one who should kill her father. The result was the complete rout of the Christian host, Gregorius and a vast number of his followers were slain, and the daughter of the

Exarch was captured and allotted to Ibn ez Zobeir. Henceforth Christianity almost ceased to exist in North Africa.

The most important of the ruins of Sbeitla is the Hieron, enclosing three semi-attached temples, the central one being of the Composite order, and that on either side Corinthian; the whole forming one composition. Bruce's drawings of these are done with a conscientiousness and ability which could not be surpassed. This monument has not in the slightest degree deteriorated since it was drawn by Bruce. This is shown by the beautiful drawings and restorations of these temples and other monuments at Sbeitla,* by Mr Alexander Graham, who visited the place some years after our journey. He says with truth that 'to the architect the ruins of Sufetula are the most valuable of all the monumental remains yet discovered in Tunisia.' Bruce has illustrated the three temples with the monumental entrance to the enclosure in ten sheets, two of which I have reproduced.

The next very important place we visited was Mukthev, the ancient Maetav. Its position is admirably chosen on a wide and elevated plain between two watercourses. Here is an exceedingly fine triumphal arch, of which Bruce has left eight highly finished illustrations. There is another dedicated to Trajan, which stood in the centre of the town; of this Bruce made four illustrations. This building, in its proportions and treatment, is very grand and simple. It has not suffered much since Bruce's time, except that it is buried almost to the level of the impost in débris. There are several other monuments, and the ground between them is thickly strewn with cut stones.

Another interesting place we visited was Zaufour. Bruce was the first of modern travellers to recognise that it was the ancient Assuras. He has left six sheets to illustrate the triumphal arch here. A little before entering the place we passed a fine spring of water, which issues from a cavity in the rock. A number of Arab girls were washing their clothes at it, and did not appear particularly averse from seeing, or being seen by, us; but as soon as our escort came in sight veils were brought into use, and the youngest of them scampered away and hid their faces till we were out of sight. The appearance of Europeans amongst them, probably for the first time, must have been a rather startling event, to be talked of for years afterwards, and to serve, no doubt, as an epoch in their simple chronology.

From Zaufour we went in two days to Dougga, the ancient Thugga, a city which must have been of great consequence, to judge by the extent and magnificence of its remains. The temple here, dedicated to Jupiter and Minerva, is one of the

* See *Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects*, vol. ii. new series.

most exquisite in North Africa. It is entirely built of lumuechella, one of the lost Numidian marbles; it is a very compact limestone, full of crystalline shell-fossils. Bruce's illustrations of this consist of nine sheets. There is another monument here of even greater interest, the celebrated mausoleum from which the Dougga bilingual stone was obtained. Bruce has left a pencil sketch of it, which is the more interesting as the monument was greatly destroyed in getting the stone out. This mausoleum and the Medrassen in Algeria are the only monuments in North Africa of a pre-Roman origin. The inscription is in Punic and Lybian, and is now in the British Museum.

I might prolong indefinitely an account of the good work Bruce did in North Africa; but enough has been said to show what great reason we have to be proud of our distinguished countryman. If he had never been to Abyssinia at all, his explorations in North Africa would have sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of travellers, artists, and archaeologists.

We terminated our journey in Tunisia by going overland through the country of the much-dreaded Khomais, which had never before been traversed by any European. It was the '*intention*' of this tribe which gave the French a pretext for taking possession of the Regency of Tunis.

From El-Badja we went through a remarkable tract of country called the Belad-er-Ramel, or country of sand. This was originally a forest, but has now been engulfed by the sea-sand ever advancing imperceptibly and irresistibly, blown by the prevailing north winds from the beach. There is no uncertain line of demarcation between it and the rich forest-land beyond; it ends abruptly in a high bank rising like a cliff thirty feet high, sometimes sloping gradually down a valley like a glacier, but always advancing and swallowing up vegetation in its course. When we reached the Oued-el-Kebir, or Great River, which enters the sea close to the island of Tabarca, we found it so swollen by rain that no animal, far less a laden mule, could pass. We had no alternative but to turn round and

seek the hospitality of some village of the ill-reputed Khomais. Our escort looked grave; but, as experience had taught us that they were extremely brave where there was no danger, but meek as lambs amongst such as were little likely to brook interference from them, we went straight up to one of the largest *douars*, or encampments, and claimed hospitality for the night. We appeared to be regarded with some distrust; nothing like a cordial welcome was accorded to us, but the owner of a hut placed it at our service. It was not more than fifteen feet square, reeking with foul odours, the ground splashing with liquid mud, and our party consisted of ten persons besides ourselves. We therefore preferred pitching our own tent. No sooner was this done, and we had commenced to prepare our dinner of preserved meat with the aid of a spirit-lamp, than a great circle of wild-looking fellows gathered around us and watched our movements with wondering gravity. They allowed us to eat our meal without interruption, which done, we commenced to amuse them by the exhibition of compasses, barometers, and tricks with pocket-handkerchiefs and string; and Kingston, who was an unerring shot, astonished them with the accuracy of his aim. I do not think, however, that it was till we produced a pot of jam and distributed it to the assembly that we entirely succeeded in gaining their affection and became the best possible friends. They declared that we must never leave them—they would give us land and sheep; and as for wives, the full number of four each were at our disposal on very moderate terms! Ultimately they undertook to escort us to La Calle, the frontier town in Algeria, and we felt that the pacific conquest of the Khomais had been effected. So little was known of these people that when the military authorities of Algeria determined to invade their country, the General-in-chief consulted me as to its topography and resources, and when the '*Association française pour l'avancement des Sciences*' met at Algiers in 1881 I was asked to give a conference on the subject. This I did at a *séance générale* in the theatre.

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIV.



THAT afternoon they boarded the yacht, and Katherine renewed her acquaintance with Jimmy Foote. Maas was also introduced to her, and paid her the usual compliments upon her engagement. Later she explored the yacht from stem to stern, expressing her delight at the completeness of every detail. The pleasure she derived from it, however, was

as nothing compared with that of her lover, who never for one instant left her side.

'Some day,' he said as they stood together upon the bridge, looking at the harbour and watching the variety of shipping around them, 'this vessel will be your own property. You will have to invite whoever you like to stay on board her with you. Do you think you will ever let me come?' He looked into her face, expecting to

find a smile there; but, to his astonishment, he discovered that her eyes were filled with tears. 'Why, my darling,' he cried, 'what does this mean? What is the reason of these tears?'

She brushed them hastily away, and tried to appear unconcerned. 'I was thinking of all your goodness to me,' she said. 'Oh Jack! I don't know how I can ever repay it.'

'I don't want you to repay it,' he answered. 'You have done enough already. Have you not honoured me, dear, above all living men? Are you not going to be my wife?'

'That is no return,' she answered, shaking her head. 'If you give a starving man food, do you think it kind of him to eat it? I had nothing, and you are giving me all. Does the fact that I take it help me to repay it?'

What he said in reply to this does not come within the scope of a chronicler's duty to record. Let it suffice that when he went below with her he might very well have been described as the happiest man in Japan. The history of the following fortnight could be easily written in two words, 'love and pleasure.' From morning till night they were together, seeing everything, exploring the temples, the country tea-houses, spending small fortunes with the curio-dealers, and learning to love each other more and more every day. In fact, there was only one cloud in their sky, and that was the question of what was to be done with Maas. Up to that time that gentleman had shown no sort of inclination to separate himself from the party. Browne could not very well ask him to leave, and yet he had the best of reasons for not wanting him to go on with them. What was to be done? He worried himself almost into a fever to know what he should do. Then, almost at the last minute, Maas settled the question for them, not in an altogether unexpected fashion. Finding his host alone in the veranda of the hotel one evening, he asked outright, without pretence of beating about the bush, whether he might, as an old friend, continue to burden them with his society. Browne found himself placed in a most awkward position. Though he did not want him, he had known Maas for so many years, and they had always been on such a footing of intimacy together, that he felt he could do nothing but consent. He accordingly did so, though with scarcely the same amount of grace that usually characterised his hospitality. Jimmy Foote, however, expressed himself more freely.

'Look here, Jack, old man,' said the latter to Browne when he was informed what had taken place, 'you know as well as I do that Maas and I were never the greatest of friends. I tell you this because I don't want you to think I am saying behind his back what I would not say to his face. At the same time, I do think that you ought to have told him straight out that he couldn't come.'

'How on earth could I do that?' asked Browne. 'Besides being exceedingly rude, it would have given the whole show away. What possible sort of excuse could I have made for not wanting him on board?'

'I don't know what sort of excuse you could have made,' replied Jimmy; 'all I know is that you ought to have made it. You have other people besides yourself to consider in the matter.'

The matter was done, however, and could not be undone. For this reason, when the yacht said good-bye to the lovely harbour of Yokohama and Treaty Point was astern, Maas stood upon the deck watching it fade away and drop below the sea-line.

'And now that we are on our way again, my dear Browne,' said Maas when the others had gone below, 'what is our destination?'

'Of our ultimate destination I am not yet quite certain,' said Browne, who was anxious to gain time to think before he committed himself. 'But at first we are going north to have a look at the Sea of Okhotsk. My wife's father has been residing on an island there for many years, and it is our intention to pick him up and to bring him home, in order that he may be present at our wedding.'

'In other words,' said Maas, 'you are conniving at the escape of a Russian convict from Saghalien. Is that so?'

Browne uttered a cry that was partly one of astonishment and partly one of terror. He could scarcely believe he had heard aright. This was the second time since they had been on board the yacht that Maas had played him this sort of trick, and he did not want to be taken in again. Was the other really aware of what they were going to do, or was this, as on the previous occasion, a shot fired at random?

'My dear fellow,' he began as unconcernedly as his excitement would permit, 'what on earth do you mean? Help a Russian convict to escape? Surely you must have taken leave of your senses.'

'Look here,' said Maas with unusual emphasis, 'what is the use of your attempting to keep a secret? Nature never intended you for a conspirator. You may not have guessed it, but I have seen for some considerable time past, long before we left Europe in fact, that there was trouble in the wind. Otherwise, why do you think I should have accompanied you to the East, so many thousand weary miles from Paris and civilisation?'

'Because your health was bad,' Browne replied. 'At least, that is what you said yourself. Was that not so?'

'My health is as good as your own,' the other answered. 'No, Browne, I invented that excuse because I wanted to come with you; because I had some sort of notion of what you were about to do.'

'But, even supposing it should be so, how could you have known it?'

'I will tell you. Do you remember the night at the Amphitryon Club you told me that you were thinking of taking a trip to the Farther East?'

Browne admitted that he did remember it.

'Well, I happened to know who the lady was to whom you were paying such marked attention. I happened to mention her name one day to an old friend, who immediately replied, "I know the young lady in question; she is the daughter of the famous Polowski, the Nihilist, who was sent to Siberia, and who is now confined upon the island of Saghalien." Then you spoke of your yachting voyage to the Farther East, and I put two and two together, and resolved that, happen what might, I would see you through the business. You see how candid I am with you.'

'And do you mean to say that you knew all the time what I was going to do?'

'All the time,' said Maas. 'Did not I give you a hint at breakfast on the morning following our joining the yacht at Southampton? I am your friend, Browne; and, as your friend, I want to be allowed to stand by you in your hour of danger. For it is dangerous work you are engaged upon, as I suppose you know.'

'And do you really mean that you are going to help me to get this man out of his place of captivity?' inquired Browne, putting on one side the other's reference to their friendship.

'If you are going to do it, I'm certainly going to stand by you,' Maas replied. 'That's why I am here.'

'And all the time I was wishing you at Hanover, because I thought that if you knew you would disapprove.'

'It only goes to show how little we know our true friends,' said Maas. 'If you feel that you can trust me now, do not let us have any more half-measures. Let me be in with you hand and glove, or put me ashore somewhere, and get me out of the way. I don't want to push myself in where I am not wanted.'

Browne was genuinely touched. 'My dear old fellow,' he said, putting his hand on Maas's shoulder, 'I must confess I feel as if I had treated you very badly. If you are really disposed to help me, I shall be only too glad of your assistance. It's a big job, and a hideously risky one. I don't know what on earth I shall do if we fail! Then, in the innocence of his heart, Browne told him as much of their arrangements as he had revealed to Jimmy Foote. Maas expressed his sympathy, and forthwith propounded several schemes for getting the unhappy man to a place of safety when they had got him on board the yacht. He went so far as to offer to land on the island and to make his way into the interior in the hopes

of being able to render some assistance should it be necessary.

'Well, you know your own business best,' said Jimmy Foote to Browne when the latter had informed him of the discovery he had made. 'But I can't say that I altogether like the arrangement. If he had guessed our secret, why didn't he let us know that he knew it? It seems to me that there is a little bit of underhand work somewhere.'

'I think you are misjudging him,' said Browne; 'upon my word I do. Of one thing there can be no sort of doubt, and that is, that whatever he may have known, he is most anxious to help.'

'Is he?' said Jimmy, in a tone that showed that he was still more than a little sceptical concerning Maas's good intentions. 'I don't set up to be much of a prophet; but I am willing to go so far as to offer to lay a hundred to a half-penny that we shall find he has been hoodwinking us somewhere before we've done.'

Jimmy spoke with such unusual gravity that Browne looked at him in surprise. 'Oh, you may look,' said Jimmy; 'but you won't stare away what I think. Browne, old man,' he continued, 'you and I were at school together; we have been pals for a very long time; and I'm not going to see you, just when you're booked to settle down happily with your wife and become a respectable member of society, upset and spoil everything by a foolish action.'

'Thank you, Jimmy,' said Browne. 'I know you mean well by me; but, at the same time, you must not let your liking for me make you unjust to other people. Maas has proved himself my friend, and I should be mean indeed if I ventured to doubt him.'

'All right,' said Jimmy; 'go your way. I'll say no more.'

That evening Browne realised his long-felt wish. He and Katherine promenaded the deck together as the yacht sped on its way across the seas towards their goal, and talked for hours together of their hopes and aspirations. When at last she and Madame Bernstein bade the gentlemen good-night, the latter adjourned to the smoking-room to discuss their plan of action. Maas had been evidently thinking the matter over, for he was prepared with one or two new suggestions, which struck the company as being eminently satisfactory. So sincere was he, and so anxious to be of service, that when at last they bade each other good-night, and he had returned below, Jimmy turned to Browne, who was standing beside the bulwark, and said:

'Jack, old boy, I believe, after all, that I've done that man an injustice. I do think now that he is really anxious to do what he can.'

'I'm glad indeed to hear you say so,' Browne replied, 'for I'm sure he is most

anxious to be of use. Forgive me if I was a bit sharp to you this afternoon. I cannot tell you how grateful I feel to you for all your kindness.'

'Fiddlesticks!' said Jimmy. 'There's no talk of kindness between us.'

Fourteen days after leaving Yokohama, and a little before sunset, those on board the yacht caught their first glimpse of the Russian island of which they had come in search. At first it was scarcely discernible; then, little by little, it grew larger, until its steep and abrupt rocks could be distinctly seen with a far-away line of distant mountain-peaks stretching to the northward.

Katherine, Madame Bernstein, and the three young men were upon the bridge at the time. Browne, who held his sweetheart's hand, could feel her trembling. Madame Bernstein appeared by far the most excited of the group.

Advanced though the time of the year was, the air was bitterly cold. But, for once in a way, the Yezo Strait, usually so foggy, was now devoid even of a vestige of vapour. The season was a late one, and for some hours they had been passing packs of drift ice; but as they closed up on the land it could be seen lying in thick stacks along the shore.

'That is Cape Siretoko,' said Browne. 'It is the most southerly point of Saghalien.'

IRISH HOME INDUSTRIES.

CARRICKMACROSS AND LIMERICK LACE, AND CLARE EMBROIDERY.

By MARY GORGES.



DEEDS show' may well be the motto of the Irish lace industries, which, born of poverty and want, have been carried on quietly, persistently, unnoticed, almost unknown, until the hour came, the touch which revealed, the help that placed them on a firm commercial basis; so that now they are taking a foremost position in the industrial world.

Ireland is at this moment dotted over with industries calling into play the industrial spirit of the people. The response has been so eager, so earnest, that no one who observes but must confess that, give the Celt hope once more, raise him above the dead stagnation of a life which has none except that of keeping body and soul together somehow, he will labour with ardour and with a gratitude to the hand which finds him the work greater than was ever felt for the charity dole, popularly supposed to be the aim and limit of his desires. Of this spirit Irishwomen are giving very convincing proof in their own particular province—that of the needle.

The oldest lace industry in Ireland is that of appliqué lace, made in County Monaghan since 1820, when Mrs Grey Porter, wife of the then rector of Donaghmoyné (near Carrickmacross), brought from the Continent a piece of lace which she gave to her servant, Anne Steadman, to copy. So successfully was this done that Mrs Grey Porter further employed her to teach a few girls in the parish; and the work attracted attention and brought so many orders that Miss Reid of Rahans, seeing thus a means of relieving the misery around, took it up from Mrs Grey Porter, and enlarged it. Her brother gave an outhouse in his farmyard—the first school; and here Miss Reid and her sister taught the girls they gathered together

the art of lace-making from Mrs Grey Porter's pattern.

There are now two kinds of Carrickmacross lace (as it was afterwards called); at this time there was only the appliqué. This is worked on a foundation of net; the pattern is traced out on fine muslin, and sewed down round the edges to the net, the muslin being then cut away. Strictly speaking this is more an embroidery on net than lace, but the effect is that of lace, and very light and pretty. The open spaces, too, are often filled in with lace stitches between the pattern.

From an early date this work has been highly esteemed, the great Florentine historian, Vasari, claiming the artist Botticelli as its inventor, while others assign its origin to India or to Persia. Be that as it may, it was very extensively produced in Italy from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, and it was a specimen of this lace which Mrs Grey Porter brought home nearly eighty years ago and employed Anne Steadman to copy.

Under Miss Reid the industry grew apace; a schoolhouse was built, and girls flocked in to learn this remunerative employment. But it depended on private orders only, and, these failing after a time, it began to die out. Then came the terrible Irish famine, and in the fight against starvation for the remnant left of the people the work was revived.

Mr Tristram Kennedy was then agent for Lord Bath's estate of 15,000 acres, tenanted by some 13,000 people, and he, with Captain Morant, agent for the Shirley estate adjoining, turned a vacant house into a school—hence the 'Bath and Shirley School.' He built six schools on the estate, the central one in the town of Carrickmacross, which gives its name to the lace, though

it was not distinctively known as such till exhibited at the Working Men's Exhibition in 1870, where it obtained a first-class certificate and silver medal.

Mr Tristram Kennedy obtained a grant of £100 from the Privy Council in order to establish a class for training young girls in drawing and designing for the lace-schools in the district, and also a yearly grant for the manager's salary from the Board of Education. Nor did his efforts stop here. He brought home from Belgium both Brussels and guipure lace, which he handed to Mrs Keilan, then manager of the Bath and Shirley School. She had them remodelled and put into the hands of her best workers, the result being a very beautiful fabric, celebrated now as Carrickmacross guipure.

In this guipure the design is worked on cambric without any net foundation, the superfluous part cut away, and the pattern joined by 'brides' or 'picots.' A combination of appliqué and guipure forms a very striking and handsome lace, the main design being appliqué with panels of guipure introduced. I may mention here that the Carrickmacross lace is relatively inexpensive. I have seen a fine handkerchief with pretty though simple border of appliqué as low as seven shillings and sixpence, and flouncies from twenty-five to seventy shillings per yard. In guipure these would be from thirty-five to ninety shillings. Yet, though this is the more expensive and complicated, the appliqué has so many admirers that the question of superiority seems a matter of taste, and this I find also the case between the Youghal point and the rose or Inishmacsaint, to which in a former article I alluded as 'running a very close second to the point of the south.' But it has an equal share of admiration; and no less a judge than Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, when on a visit last year to Mount Stewart (Lord Londonderry's place in the north), exclaimed, on observing that Lady Londonderry was wearing some of this lace, 'That is the Irish lace I admire and want to get. Where can I?' Lady Erne promptly told of the girls on the shores of Lough Erne employed by Miss MacLean, who has never let drop the industry founded by her mother—the result being a very handsome order forwarded to Miss MacLean, to gladden the hearts of the workers.

On being elected member of Parliament for Louth in 1852, Mr Tristram Kennedy resigned the management of the Bath estate; but his interest never ceased in the schools he had established. He extended their connection with the London trade; and the success of his untiring efforts to develop the taste and artistic skill of the workers by the training he procured them was noted officially in the Report of the Royal Dublin Society, and also by the fact of Her Majesty having ordered, through a London firm, a large

and handsome piece of guipure. The work has gone on prospering. It was in the hands of private individuals until the death in 1893 of Mr Ben Lindsay, of 76 Grafton Street, the agent for the schools, so often mentioned with gratitude and regret in the record of Irish industries, when the stock and premises were purchased by the Countess of Aberdeen; and this industry is now a limited company, doing a flourishing trade in London, Paris, and America, and giving employment to over two thousand girls.

At the present moment both Carrickmacross appliqué and guipure are very fashionable. Mrs Donaldson, Urker House, Crossmaglen, who established a school in 1866 for the benefit of the suffering poor, and who was one of the first to send a worker for training to a School of Art, has brought this industry to a high standard, as is shown in the guipure flouncing worked from her design exhibited on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, in which shamrock, rose, and thistle are combined with the may-flower and ivy-leaf. There were some beautiful exhibits of this lace at Lady Cadogan's Textile Exhibition; and, widely as it is known, yet to some of the visitors it seemed to come as a surprise. A nice old countrywoman from Monaghan, who sat composedly working at some handsome guipure, was quite a centre of attraction to a constantly shifting crowd. She told me that orders for similar lace were showering upon her from the visitors, with offers of much higher pay than that which she had earned from the trade for many years, and which, she said, had enabled her with ease to keep her home in comfort and independence. I dare say the old lady was too wise to throw over steady for temporary employment, however tempting the offers; but she certainly had no idea of how the work is appreciated until she came to Dublin.

All honour to the founders and helpers, through whom to-day the home of many an Irish peasant is free from want, happy, and contented, not only in Monaghan and Armagh, the principal centres, but in other parts of Ireland, for guipure is made elsewhere, though not so extensively.

Limerick lace, on the other hand, is only beginning to retrieve its old reputation, thanks principally to the energetic efforts of Mrs R. Vere O'Brien of New Hall, County Clare. Its palmy days were during the early part of the Queen's reign, when it was the fashion, and used extensively for flounce, shawl, scarf, the bridal veil, and the infant's robe. Those who have had handed down from mother or grandmother the Limerick lace of this period understand well the difference between it and the wretched specimens which later on used to be 'hawked about' the streets of Limerick; for the original Limerick lace, that which is now reviving, was extremely

fine and pretty, and, if not very elaborate, admitted of great variety of design.

This lace industry was introduced into Ireland by Mr Walker, an Englishman. I have never ascertained from whence it came originally; but Mr Walker brought over a band of teachers in 1829. Such apt and clever pupils did they find that the workroom, at first only a disused store, was soon changed to a factory, giving employment to three hundred girls, a number more than doubled after a while. Some of the workers began at the age of six, practising first with the tambour-needle in pricking outline patterns on calico, and afterwards working practice pieces on net. There are two kinds of Limerick lace, tambour and run lace, both worked on a ground of net, the former with a tambour-needle, the latter with an ordinary one and an open stitch, which produces an exceedingly filmy and 'lacy' effect.

I was reminded lately of the difference between the old Limerick lace and that which succeeded, first by seeing in a society paper mention of the late Countess of Shaftesbury's collection of 'valuable Limerick lace,' and then by a discussion which arose from the remark of a lady at whose house I was dining, that one of her most valued presents in her early married life was a set of Limerick lace flounces of beautiful design, from which three sets alone were made, each costing fifteen guineas (no extravagant price, surely). Of these, one was purchased by the Queen, and another by this lady's mother-in-law for herself. I forget who got the third; but I shall not soon forget the astonished exclamation of a lady present: 'Limerick lace!' It proved difficult to convince her that this could be beautiful and valuable; indeed, I am not sure that she *was* convinced in the end.

The decline of the Limerick lace industry was first caused by the Court mourning which followed the death of the Prince Consort. Then pretty and inexpensive machine-made lace was introduced, and the demand for Limerick lace virtually ceased. When Mrs Vere O'Brien tried in 1883 to get some of the finer kind made, she was baffled by finding that only the coarser net and thread were supplied to the few workers left. However, being helped over this difficulty by Lady de Vere of Curragh Chase, who gave her the fine Brussels net and threads, she induced one of the old workers to make a flounce from a good design supplied; and this being a success, Mrs Vere O'Brien collected a few designs, chiefly 'rubbings' of old Brussels or point d'Alençon lace, and employed two or three more of the old workers to make lace at their own homes.

From this small beginning came first orders, then 'the pride and satisfaction of working for the trade,' the late Mr Ben Lindsay being one of the best employers in those early days; while later on Mr Alan Cole, of the Science and

Art Department, gave valuable help. He visited the old workers in their homes, and procured fine lace designs to be worked by them.

Six years ago, after a lecture at the Chamber of Commerce, Limerick, by Mr Cole, it was resolved to start a Lace Training School, which Mrs Vere O'Brien now superintends. It is on a small scale compared with other Irish industries, but like them it owes much to Lady Aberdeen and to the Irish Industries Association; and Mrs Vere O'Brien claims for Limerick lace 'that it has shown such vitality under great difficulties in the past—the rivalry of cheap foreign competition abroad and machine-made lace at home—as to be no small achievement, and of good augury for the future under its present improved conditions.' They are glad to receive visitors and show the girls at work, with specimens of the lace they make, at this lace school, 112 George Street, Limerick.

It may not be without interest to add that Mrs Vere O'Brien, in a private letter, mentions vitality of another description—namely, the memory of past kindness in Irish hearts. She says: 'Some of my very old workers, still living in Limerick, can remember Mr Walker, and have a very good word for him, as a kind-hearted man who gave his workers cheap potatoes when they were scarce and dear.'

This letter further tells of an interesting but little-known industry—namely, Clare embroidery, started about five years ago by Mrs Vere O'Brien, with the help of the clever directress of needlework at the Ennis Convent, and of her own maid, who was familiar with the red and blue embroidery done by the peasantry in the Vosges country. This consists in the manufacture of children's frocks and pinafores, made of fine white mull muslin or holland, and embroidered and smocked by the country girls, some of whom are excellent needlewomen.

Besides the work done at the convent under Sister Mary Patricia, Mrs Vere O'Brien has a weekly class at her own house, where she draws and arranges the designs on the yokes and frills of the little garments, and finds that the girls have become very quick and expert in carrying out an idea. All the Clare embroidery sent to the Dublin and Lancaster Exhibitions this year was sold, and one of the young 'New Hall' workers took a prize at the Irish Industrial Exhibition in Limerick of last November; while this year two of the Clare embroidery girls (one of them under twelve) gained prizes at the Strabane Industrial Show, and a first prize was also taken for Limerick lace at the Horse Show—a skirt and berthe designed by Miss Anderson, and bought by Lady Cadogan. Mrs Vere O'Brien is glad to send specimens of this work on approval, and most thankful to get orders for the girls, who can make the frocks, overalls, &c. to any measurement given.

I can only allude to Irish crochet, a product very unlike crochet as generally understood, and a 'unique creation of Irish taste and skill.' This is a work not confined to any special district, but I single out Clones guipure, as it is there called, partly because of the beauty of the work done in this industry (which last year celebrated its jubilee), and partly because of the pathetic interest attached to the name of its foundress, Mrs Hand of Losely Park, Surrey, wife of the Rev. Mr Hand, rector of Clones. She came to Ireland when the country was yet suffering from the ravages of the potato famine, and witnessed the misery of the starving people. She had tried to teach the crochet in Cambridgeshire, and failed; now she set to work afresh, inspired by the hope of helping the poor. Finding the Irish girls easily taught, she procured old lace suitable for designs, chiefly Venetian point, many a fragment of old church lace, pieces of altar frontals, and scraps from the vestments of foreign priests finding their way through the kindness of friends to the school now formed at Clones, where, under a good teacher, great progress was made. Many pupils were gathered in, till 'in all the parish there was scarce a cottage where the click-click of the needle was not heard.' And when the sale of this new lace became the difficulty, a friend was found. Mr Ben Lindsay undertook to find a market for it, and succeeded. Paris, Vienna, and London welcomed it; orders crowded in, 'money flowed into all the homes where famine had reigned supreme, little home comforts were indulged in, and the smile of content rested on faces lately disfigured by despair. God had blessed the work, and the people knew it.'

She to whom they owe it all has long since been laid to rest in the pretty little churchyard of Clogh-Roslea, among the people for whose lives she sacrificed her own. Careless of herself, Mrs Hand's strength gave way, after years of noble toil. Her work remains a living monument of ceaseless energy and love.

But the industry languished for a while, until

Lady Aberdeen, the good genius of the Irish woman, came forward to 'make the wheel go round once more.' She visited the crochet depôts, made large purchases, exhorted the people not to let so charming a work die in their midst, and re-awakened the dormant industry. Chicago and the World's Fair opened a fresh market; silk began to be used instead of cotton, and beautiful designs were reproduced once more. Last autumn one hundred new designs were made by the Irish Lace Depôt for a leading Paris merchant in close touch with the celebrated house of Worth, the designs being for the pattern costumes of this year.

Perhaps tatting may be thought scarcely to merit mention, yet there were pretty exhibits of this work at Lady Cadogan's Textile Exhibition; not so fine as some I have seen, nor approaching the beauty of such tatted lace as covered the rich blue cushions and lounges of one particular room in Chillingham Castle, the work of the late Countess of Tankerville, but still of very good design and workmanship. I always associate this work with the days of the French Revolution, when the noble ladies of the Faubourg St Germain tatted calmly on in their prisons, while awaiting their turn to be called out to the tumbrel and the guillotine. Possibly, as Lady Tankerville was of French birth, some such thought may have mingled with her fancy for it. But, putting associations aside, I think it one of the prettiest of the minor hand products, so am loath to close without a passing notice of the nice work and exquisite whiteness of the tatting exhibits in Dublin. Yet this is done by girls (chiefly of Louth) who milk cows and help in all the rough farm work, then come in, wash their hands, and sit down, producing the pretty tatting which I saw, and which comes from them without speck or soil, and in no need of washing!

We say in Ireland 'God speed the plough' when we see it cutting the furrows; so I shall close this little account of a few of our industries with 'God speed the work!'

A DEAN OF ST PAUL'S.

CHAPTER II.



DOCTOR HENRY COLE was in no enviable frame of mind as he made his way up Dame Street to attend the council which had been summoned to meet in Dublin Castle at the hour of noon. He had arrived in the Irish metropolis in due course; but ever since his encounter with the Mayor of Chester his temper had been steadily growing worse. Always presuming by reason of his position, refusing all courtesies, ready to treat those into whose society he might happen to be

thrown as immeasurably his inferiors, his travels had not been made particularly agreeable for him. The lugger in which he had crossed the Channel, too, had misbehaved herself in the eyes of the Dean of St Paul's; for, experiencing the full force of the equinoctial gales which were raging at that season, she had rolled violently from side to side; then, trembling like a human being and straining every creaking timber, she had alternately pitched headlong into the trough, or, freeing herself from her liquid encumbrances, had swung herself with equal violence to the

height of the raging crest. The Irish Sea, no respecter of persons, had caused the reverend Doctor to spend a most miserable five days confined in a wretched, stuffy cabin. As if this were not enough—the discomforts attending his journey by water, coupled with the treatment he had received at the hands of Sir Lawrence Smith—Dr Cole discovered, to his intense amazement no less than to his rage, that the Lords of the English Council had not notified their Irish brethren of his impending arrival, and consequently, when he had presented himself at the seat of government, he had been received in a highly suspicious fashion.

'Very good,' he had replied when, on this occasion, asked to produce his credentials, 'I shall do so, but only at the council table and before the assembled council. I have Her Highness's particular instructions not to depart a hair's-breadth from this course.'

To this the Lord-Deputy had replied that before binding or in any way pledging himself he must first discuss the matter with his colleagues. This step had apparently been taken; for, about three weeks after his arrival in Ireland, the Dean was summoned to present himself at the Castle, to relate the terms of his mission to Her Highness's Irish advisers, who would be assembled to meet him.

The Doctor was in an exceedingly irritable frame of mind that morning, as we have said; and, as he entered the council chamber, was vowing to himself that he would speak out his mind boldly, and demonstrate beyond mistake to those Irish bores how in future a Dean of St Paul's should be treated.

The council had met, and many curious glances, the purport of which Dr Cole later understood, were bestowed upon him as he took the seat pointed out. The Lord-Deputy having briefly introduced the stranger, the latter was then called upon to state concisely the nature of his business.

'Before I do so,' replied the Dean, closely hugging his cloak-bag, 'I would crave your lordships to vouchsafe me some explanation as to—indeed, I think I am entitled to say, render me an apology for—the extraordinary treatment I have met with at your hands.'

'Mr Dean,' remarked the Bishop of Meath, at that period the most powerful and the most able of an exceptionally able bench of Irish bishops, 'when we have seen your credentials, and have satisfied ourselves that you in reality are charged with State business, you may perchance be granted your request. At the present moment, beyond your bare word, we have no proof that you are'—here his lordship coughed significantly—'a—er—um—a royal commissioner, in fact.'

'My business,' replied the Dean slowly and pompously, expecting to see the council tremble at his words, 'is to lay before your lordships

Her Highness's most recent instructions as to the manner in which, in the future, you shall deal with the Irish adherents of the so-called faith, the Protestant religion.'

The clerical members of the council gazed each at the other. Here was the cloven hoof of interference again. This continual meddling with Irish ecclesiastical affairs on the part of the English episcopacy was extremely distasteful to them, and it was evident the Irish bishops had made up their minds to no longer submit to it.

'Her Highness,' continued the Dean, enjoying what he took to be a pause of consternation, 'acting on the advice of His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, has'—

'Hold, sir,' cried the Bishop of Meath, who, by virtue of his position as the Irish Metropolitan, apparently with the consent of his brethren, took upon himself the conduct of the business—'Hold, sir,' he said in a peremptory manner. 'The flame of Christianity was burning steadily in Ireland a century or more before it lightened the shores of Kent; and I for one am not going to bow to the rulings of the chair of St Augustine.'

'What!' ejaculated Dr Cole in a tone of pious horror, and raising his hands as if invoking the protection of Heaven, as a deep murmur of approval went round the council table; 'can I have understood your words aright, my lord? The Cardinal! And Her Highness's kinsman, too?'

'I am with your lordship,' exclaimed the Archbishop of Dublin.

'And I,' 'And I,' 'And I,' came from the remainder of the prelates present.

'Her Highness,' the Dean, with rising anger, exclaimed loudly, 'shall surely hear how you have received her envoy. His Eminence'—

'When we have positive evidence you are the bearer of royal commands 'twill be time enough to discuss that matter,' retorted the Bishop of Meath.

'My lords,' the Lord-Deputy, who had been relishing the little scene between the assembled Churchmen, now interposed, 'I pray you calm yourselves. Rest well assured that unless the Dean is the bearer of Her Highness's commission he shall be well punished for his temerity and his insolence.'

At this remark the Dean of St Paul's jumped to his feet, and, throwing his cloak-bag on the green-covered table, without heeding the confusion this act created amongst the documents lying littered thereon, cried:

'Within you will find warrant and sufficient justification for my presence in this accursed country. But rest assured, my lords, I shall make it,' eyeing the Bishop of Meath angrily meanwhile, 'my duty to repeat every word of your conversation to Her Highness. Personal

insult I may submit to; but it shall never be said I did not raise my voice in remonstrance when my sovereign's authority was questioned.'

'Mr Dean,' the Bishop of Meath remarked warningly, 'call to mind the old saying, and shout not till you be clear of the wood. You are now in Ireland—Ireland,' he repeated, smiling pleasantly, 'and subject to Irish laws. Who can say how, or when, or if ever, you will find yourself in a position to fulfil the terms of your insolent threat?'

This menace effectually silenced the Doctor, who sulkily resumed his seat, whilst the Lord-Deputy drew the cloak-bag towards his left hand.

'How long is it since you left London, sir?' asked the latter.

'I have been three weeks awaiting your lordships' convenience,' was the sarcastic rejoinder, 'and was just over a fortnight on my journey.'

'How comes it, then, we have had no intimation of the nature of your errand?'

This question was a poser for the royal commissioner, who knew no more than an unborn babe the cause of this singular omission.

'Perhaps,' the Dean conjectured mildly, 'Her Highness deemed it advisable my journey and the nature of my business had best be kept a profound secret.'

'There is not the slightest call for any justification of our treatment of yourself, sir,' went on the Lord-Deputy. 'But an interview has been hitherto denied you pending full instructions from Her Highness's court. On your presenting yourself here more than three weeks ago, without loss of time we despatched a special courier to London to ask what?—'

'That messenger returned this morning,' added the Bishop of Meath. 'In spite of our communication, wherein we asked for advice as to yourself, no notice has been taken—no answer vouchsafed to our request. Had the courier been delayed another month, then assuredly you would have had to wait a similar length of time before you were permitted to present yourself to the council.'

'It is a curious fact, too,' remarked the Archbishop of Dublin, 'that you, Mr Dean, should have been furnished with no personal commission which you could have produced in the event of any necessity arising of declaring yourself.'

'My answer to all these remarks is this: Your lordships will find what you require within the

cloak-bag,' said the Dean, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

'For your own sake 'tis to be hoped so,' remarked the Lord-Deputy grimly as he opened the bag and peered into its recesses. Then, espying the leathern case, his lordship took it out and unbuckled it, and, raising the lid, allowed an exclamation of the utmost surprise, not to say consternation, to escape him.

For some minutes Stephen Fitz-Walter, Queen Mary's representative in Ireland, gazed stupidly at the contents of the leather box, lost, seemingly, in the most profound thought. At length he leaned forward and rapidly whispered a few words to the Archbishop of Dublin, who, rising and peering into the despatch-case, likewise gave tokens of extreme astonishment.

What could it all mean? the envoy wondered. To whom did the Bishop of Meath refer when he whispered he should be made to pay smartly for this, as he returned bag and case to the Lord-Deputy? Surely there could be nothing wrong with the commission?

The Dean of St Paul's knew well—none better, for had he not been educated in France, where *lettres-de-cachet* were a recognised institution?—the underhand methods resorted to by some sovereigns for the purpose of getting rid of troublesome subjects and importunate office-seekers. Could Queen Mary, wearied of his perpetual demands for a see, have taken this step of ridding herself of his unwelcome solicitations, and, under the guise of a commission which purported to deal with the future treatment of Irish Protestants, by enclosing an order for his imprisonment, have quietly rendered vacant his deanery for bestowal on some other more favoured courtier? And, indeed, Dr Cole had good grounds for uneasiness. He groaned as he saw the bag passed round from hand to hand. Brows became clouded; the most threatening of looks were directed towards the quarter where he sat.

The Lord-Deputy rose slowly. Beckoning to the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Meath, his lordship retired with them into the recess of a window at the farthest end of the room. Here the trio were some seconds later joined by the Chancellor, the secretary, and the Primate. An earnest discussion ensued, in which the Metropolitan of Ireland, his lordship of Meath, could be observed urging his colleagues on to a course which it appeared they hesitated to adopt.



'SECRET SERVICE MONEY.'



THE term 'secret service money' is usually applied to a fund placed at the disposal of Ministers to be expended, at their discretion, in promoting or protecting the interests of this country. These moneys consist of a sum of £35,000 annually included in the estimates, in respect of which Ministers are only required to make a declaration that the moneys spent have been expended 'in accordance with the intentions of Parliament.' As Ministers are required to give no account of their stewardship, it is obvious we have no means of knowing how these moneys are expended. The reader, however, who carries his mind back to episodes within his knowledge, such as the collapse of the Fenian conspirators, or of their later development, the 'Irish Invincibles,' will have little difficulty in realising how indispensable a fund of this kind is to the protection of a state, and of understanding the infinite variety of uses to which it may be applied.

The term 'secret service money,' as I use it, has a wider signification. I refer to the funds set apart by most civilised states for the advancement or protection of their interests in peace and war, by whatever authority (constitutional or otherwise) such funds are created. From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when 'agents' in the secret service of Philip were testifying their fidelity to a bad cause by dying on the scaffold, 'secret service money' circulates silently through our history, as it circulates through the history of nearly every civilised country under the sun. It was paid to persons who might have been thought inaccessible to corrupt influences, the last to lend themselves to a mean, base, and dishonourable action. To go no farther back than 1792-94, the 'Dropmore Papers' disclose the names of certain English political leaders said to have been systematically subsidised by the Committee of Public Safety. Meanwhile—and here some of the dangers incident to the 'service' will disclose themselves—the English Government was not idle. The committee little dreamed that minute accounts of their own proceedings were regularly forwarded to this country through one of our 'agents' in Italy, still less that such details were furnished by its own secretary, who figured to his colleagues as a violent Jacobin. The bribe must have been large which could induce an officer of the Republic 'one and indivisible' to brave the Argus eyes of St Just.

'Secret service' in war includes not only the procuring of intelligence of an enemy's resources and designs,* but the subsidising (if that end may

be accomplished) of an enemy's officers. Cases of this kind—I do not mean ordinary acts of treachery—are rare, and the evidence on which they rest, strong and conclusive as it may seem, is often inferential rather than positive. Extraordinary cases might be cited; but they hardly fall within the scope and purpose of this article. The following case is of a different character. It rests upon good authority; and as the story in its entirety is probably unknown to the great majority of my readers, I will give it here.

On the 16th of December 1796 a formidable armament left Brest for the invasion of Ireland. It numbered forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line, and carried fourteen thousand men, cavalry and infantry, twenty pieces of field and nine of siege artillery, sixty-one thousand two hundred barrels of powder, and forty-five thousand stand of arms. On board the *Fraternité* frigate, carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral de Galle, was the celebrated General Hoche, the leader of the expedition, and in one of the other vessels the notorious Theobald Wolfe Tone, the instigator of the enterprise. Until the 22d the weather had been terrible. On the evening of that day the fleet, with the exception of six or seven vessels, came to an anchor off Bere Island in Bantry Bay, under the command of Admiral Bouvet. The winter was one of the severest on record. A heavy fall of snow had rendered the roads, which between Bantry and Cork at this period were rugged, wild, and mountainous, nearly impassable; travelling on horseback was desperate work; while the unabating fury of the tempest rendered any attempt at landing impossible. On the evening of the 23d a heavy gale from the eastward drove some twenty of the ships to sea, and dispersed the French fleet for the fourth time. Among the missing vessels was the *Fraternité*, with the general on board. That vessel reached Rochelle on the 15th of January; and in the absence of its leader, and the dispersion of a considerable part of the invading force—contingencies which apparently had neither been foreseen nor provided for—the expedition came to an end. So much for the tempest; but there was another influence at work which the commander and organisers of the expedition little expected. 'There can be no doubt,' says the late Thomas Crofton Croker, 'that the captain of the *Fraternité* had accepted a bribe of considerable amount to give the military and naval commanders-in-chief a cruise for a few weeks on the banks of Newfoundland before landing them in Ireland, and that he performed this little delicate art of secret service so well that he boldly drew upon the English Government for double the amount agreed upon; which, however, was ultimately arranged to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned.' Croker says he had

* See 'Outpost Duty and Secret Service in War' in *Chambers's Journal* of October 14, 1893.

this from 'unquestionable authority ;' and as his brother was Secretary of the Admiralty, it seems to me we are fairly justified in accepting his statement.

The one thing which will strike the reader in connection with the above is the remarkable way in which the treachery of the French captain was assisted by the elements. Lazare Hoche, the 'Pacifcator' of La Vendée, was a General of renown. If those fourteen thousand men, with their *matériel*, had been landed, it is impossible to say what might have happened. Even if Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy, the second in command, had proceeded to Sligo Bay, and there landed their contingents, as Tone earnestly begged and entreated them to do, it is fairly within the doctrine of possibilities that they might have revolutionised Ireland.

Napoleon's system of secret service is too well known to justify more than a passing allusion. Its genius was Fouché, who displayed a fertility of invention which was marvellous. Into his trap fell Charles James Fox, the English Whig Minister, who figured as a guileless and unsuspecting shuttlecock between the battledores of Talleyrand and Fouché. Wherever Napoleon found himself dominant his 'system' was established; in other words, had his scheme of invasion succeeded it would have been 'set up' in London, with ramifications all over the country. Let us see what this means, so far as England is concerned. Shortly after Jena the whole administration of Prussia began to be placed under French domination. Prefects were appointed to different departments, and all the offices of state placed under the control of persons named by the Emperor. Here, as in Paris, a *cabinet noir* was established, whose business it was to open and copy the letters of suspected persons. The copies were often so skilfully executed as to be forwarded to their address, while the originals were retained to serve as 'proofs' should prosecution be determined on. A letter from Prince Hatzfeld to the King of Prussia was made the subject of a capital charge against the writer. It consisted simply of an expression of respectful homage to his sovereign, a relation of the mournful feelings of his capital, and some trifling details of the localities occupied by French troops; this and nothing more. For this the Prince was condemned to death, a sentence which the Emperor ordered to be carried into execution before sunset that very day. Happily for the Prince and the fame of Napoleon himself, Duroc and Rapp were ardently attached to him, and at

their earnest solicitation his life was spared. But the thing was not forgotten, and was very, very dearly paid for when the time of retribution arrived.

The subject admits of indefinite prolongation; but I think I have said enough to enable the reader to form some idea of the nature of 'secret service money,' and of the infinite variety of ways in which it may be applied. As to the means by which information is obtained, it must be obvious that they are many and various. One of Charles Lever's short stories deals with a spy attached to one of our embassies abroad. On this subject the novelist wrote with authority; and his knowledge of diplomatic methods is shown by those of his novels which deal with Continental scenes or political people. The Russian spy depicted by novelists is a woman moving—notwithstanding her undisguised employment—in the best society. Russia, however, is not the only Power whose foreign officers are in touch with its 'agents.' Some of those agents do not move in the best society, or, for that matter, in any society at all.

Indispensable as it is for the protection of a state, it would be wrong to say that 'secret service money'—using the term in its extended sense—invariably sullies the hand which touches it. This is not so; but, as in the case of the Irish informers of '98, there is something in its composition which not infrequently savours of pitch. To go back a hundred and fifty years, the £30,000 offered for the apprehension of Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II., would have been worse than pitch in the hands that touched it. What tragedies the informer's fee has wrought it would take too long to tell. The fate of poor Mary Stuart, the betrayal of Sir Thomas Armstrong to the Government of Charles II., the surrender of Dubourg to his implacable enemies, the doom of Duc d'Enghien and of Andreas Hofer, may be traced to its malign agency. Not infrequently it has brought disaster upon those who received it. Within the memory of many of us a well-known London paper came to grief as soon as the fact leaked out that it was 'subsidised' by a foreign government. Occasionally, but I should think rarely, the system has worked on beneficent lines. It is no secret now that the diplomatic intervention of the Czar, which years ago saved France from a second invasion, was in no small degree due to the influence of one of those female 'agents' who, as we have seen, are known to employ themselves in the secret service of Russia.



A TRIP IN A COOLIE-SHIP ON THE CHINA COAST.

MY destination was Singapore, from Hong-kong; and as I had so often travelled by those favourite ships, the P. & O., I thought that I would, by way of a change, take one of the local steamers. For-

tunately one of the well-known S. & S. ships, one of the new ones, was leaving that day for Swatow; and very nice and handsome she looked, beautifully clean as the proverbial new pin—the local steamers on the China coast are noted for their cleanliness. So I booked a passage in her.

With my bag and baggage I went on board. I saw the skipper. He was not very talkative; but he told me I would be the only European passenger, and he thought me a fool for not taking the mail or one of the larger ships leaving direct for Singapore, where I would be more comfortable and better fed. But as it was my wish to see what a coolie-ship was like, I told him I was content to go in his ship in preference to one of the larger ones. There were two more officers on board, decent young fellows; and the chief engineer, a canny Scotchman, who was nearly as communicative as the captain, informed me that he was going to Swatow for a full complement of passengers—pigs and newly-caught monkeys he called them, because they were so troublesome and dirty. It was an experience I do not wish to repeat again, even as a saloon passenger, much as I had desired it.

We arrived in Swatow early in the morning; and, as our coolie passengers were not yet all gathered in to Swatow from the surrounding districts, we had to wait until the next morning. They began to come on board about 6.30 A.M., and I was wakened up out of my sleep by the most unearthly yells; in my pyjamas I rushed out of my cabin into the saloon. The captain was quietly having his smoke after his morning coffee; he gave a broad grin when he saw me.

'Did they awaken you? I thought they would.'

'Why,' I said, 'it's enough to waken and frighten the dead.'

'Oh, that's nothing. Wait until you see a good all-round fight, and the claret flowing, and you'll think things are booming.'

The coolies swarmed on board from every side like monkeys, rushing in every direction, shrieking, yelling, and fighting for places to put their mats for themselves and their friends. Luggage they had none, save what they had on; a few had just a small bundle and a long box containing their opium-gear. It was simply pandemonium let loose; you could not hear yourself speak. Some were old travellers; others new, from the country, perhaps hundreds of miles inland, and had never seen a ship or a

European before, and they stood and looked at you in that bland and stupid way that only a newly-caught coolie can put on. Nothing seemed to surprise them or put them about. They came to the saloon-door and stared in, until a roar from the old man and a 'Sentow' ('Go forward') would bring them to their senses. A crowd round the engine-room door and a rush from the old chief would send them flying.

As they were nearly all on board and things began to quieten down a little, the flag was hoisted for the Consul, who acts as immigration officer. He came on board with his constable, interpreter, and also a petty mandarin representing the Taoti, or governor of the district. Some of these Consuls are highly amusing; this one was. He came on board as the 'Great I am,' stood on the top of the gangway, stuck his eyeglass in his eye, and, gazing at the captain in a most condescending manner, said, 'Are you ready, sir?—because if you are not I am going on shore again, as my time is valuable.' As a matter of fact he was going to play tennis. But the captain, equal to the occasion, quietly answered, 'Oh yes, we are quite ready for the immigration officer.' The fool for the coolies was closely inspected, and, after the palms of the hands of some of the undertrappers had been greased was passed; then the coolies were all rushed to one end of the ship, and the counting and medical inspection began. We had over our full number, the ship not being allowed to carry more than nine hundred; so some had to be sent on shore, to which they objected, and had to be hustled and kicked; they fought the officers, and had to be put into the boats alongside by force. After the counting was finished, the Consul, agent, and captain adjourned to the saloon. Immigration papers signed, Consul and agents took their departure, and we were free to cast off from the buoy and proceed on our voyage.

The coolies soon settled down; and as we passed through Sugarloaf Pass into the open sea and they began to feel the motion of the ship a number of them were sea-sick, and the rest glad to lie down and sleep; so quietness reigned supreme. The next day it was blowing hard, a heavy sea was running, and the ship rolling heavily. Some of the coolie passengers who persisted in remaining on deck rolled with the ship from side to side, perfectly helpless, and were cut and bruised very much. The captain and officers had them carried and placed in a more secure position, and then bound up their wounds, though they did not seem to think it a kindness in the least. On the third day, as we got more south and into warmer weather, the coolies began to come up out of the 'tween-decks into the light and sunshine, all hungry after being sick. Next day it was

very hot, ninety-two degrees in the shade, so everybody wanted to be on deck, quarrels and fights about places being very frequent. We were half-through our lunch in the saloon, when we heard some most horrible yells and cries of 'Ta! ta!' ('Fight! fight!'). 'Hullo!' the captain said, 'another jolly row downstairs. You stay where you are; you'll find a loaded revolver in my room, for use if any one attempts to molest you.' So, lighting his pipe and calling his dog, a fierce-looking English bull, he went on deck to see what was the matter. Broken basins and lumps of firewood were flying in all directions, and knives were drawn—great ugly-looking things. The captain elbowed his way among the coolies, giving first one and then another a dig in the ribs. One fearful-looking coolie, whom they had just doctored, aimed a blow at him with a broken basin; but the dog was too quick for him, and brought the fellow down on his back and held him there. The two principal offenders were caught, their heads banged together until they were brought to quietness, then an explanation asked. Of course, every one wanted to talk and explain at once, but the captain held up his hand until there was silence, then called one man after another, and heard what each had to say, through an interpreter. The row was caused by one man wanting to light his pipe at an opium-smoker's lamp. The most trivial things cause most violent fights.

I said to the captain when it was over, 'Are you not afraid?'

'Well,' he replied, 'to confess the truth, I am; but to show the least fear amongst a crowd like that, or to lose your temper, would never do. But I'm getting used to it; these rows occur every time we have coolies, some worse than others.'

I decided that never again would I travel in a coolie passenger-ship. The voyage began to seem interminable. I longed to reach Singapore. My sleep at night was disturbed by dreams of having my throat cut with one of those horrible knives.

The next episode was the collecting of tickets. The officers were told to get the coolies all aft; then they were passed one by one along a gangway, each delivering up his ticket as he went through. Whilst the coolies were all collected aftside, the officers were searching the forepart of the ship for stowaways; only one was found, and he or his friends paid up. They were then allowed to resume their places again, which they did with a fiendish yell and rush.

'How many coolies are there?' I asked.

'Only nine hundred,' the captain answered; 'and at five dollars each it scarcely pays.'

The coolies seemed somehow to get to know that to-morrow we should reach our destination, and they got more excitable and quarrelsome than ever. They tried to get up a row with the

officers, the sailors, and even with the cooks who look after their wants, throwing their food and dishes overboard, and then wanting a fresh supply.

'Look at those two coolies amusing themselves on the main hatch,' the captain said to me as we were leaning on the forepart of the lower bridge rails; 'they are going to quarrel.'

In a few minutes his words were verified, and we had one of the biggest rows of the whole voyage. About three hundred coolies took part in it; and it took all the Europeans on board—there were only six—to quell the disturbance. It was some time before quietness was restored, and even then some coolies would want to begin again and have another round in spite of there being a dozen of the ringleaders kept in handcuffs on the bridge until we reached port.

On the seventh day from leaving Swatow we anchored off St John's Island, the quarantine station for Singapore, at 3 A.M. Sleeping was impossible, for the passengers were too wide awake, talking and calling out to their friends in other parts of the ship. At seven o'clock the doctor and his assistant came on board to inspect. The passengers were all driven forward, and the women and children separated and taken behind a screen and examined by a Malay woman, to see that there was no infectious diseases. The men, absolutely naked, were marched one by one past the doctor, who felt their pulse and otherwise closely observed their appearance. Fortunately there was not a single suspicious case, so the doctor, boarding-officers, and captain retired to the saloon to inspect the immigration papers; and after a good deal of argument as to whether we were not too short of our consular number, it was at last settled with a stiff whisky-stinger and a good hand-shake (a very suspicious one, I thought). We were then granted *pratique* and allowed to proceed to our anchorage in the harbour and land the coolies. What a blessing! What quietness and calm after the noise and confusion! I was thankful it was over. It was an experience I had wished for; but never again, if I can avoid it, will I travel in a Chinese coolie-ship.

CLOUD-PICTURES.

HERE, far from home and all I love, I raise

My eyes, and see quaint pictures in the sky;

And oh! my heart beats fast as I descry

Pictures of home formed in the mauves and grays
Of clustering clouds. Tears dim my upturned gaze

As through a mist I see—though far on high—

That rocky bay where oft my love and I

Saw the sun sink and set the sea ablaze;

The ruined fort—so full of memories sweet!—

By which we watched, in sunset's afterglow,

The moon rise o'er the sea, and with its beams
A glittering path from heaven make to our feet.

But as I look the clouds pass onward, so

The pictures fade—and I awake from dreams.

M. H. W.